

1791
J. G. 363 ✓
ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of the following Lines, for some time after the Decease of the truly excellent Lady, whose Virtues he now attempts to delineate, fully intended, (as far as in him lay) to do Justice to her very dear Memory; but the desultory state he has constantly been in, since that melancholy event took place, has hitherto prevented his carrying ~~out~~ his intentions into execution.— In the beginning of the present month, he composed the following Lines, which are only a very small part of the intended Poem.— To *three* amiable Ladies of his Acquaintance he had given copies of what he had so composed: the contents whereof were soon communicated, and applications for other copies were made, which he could not find time to write out. He has, therefore, caused a *few* Copies to be printed, for the gratification and amusement of the Circle of Ladies he has the Honour to be known to; each of whom he entreats, not to permit any Copy to be taken from their printed Copy; as the Poem is at present in an unfinished and incomplete state.

BOSTON, 21st DECEMBER, 1791



J. G. 1

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THE WIDOWED MOURNER.

*Ipse cava solans ægrum testudine amorem,
Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore jecum,
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.*

VIRGIL.

“ He on the desert shore all lonely griev’d,
“ And with his concave shell his love-sick heart reliev’d;
“ To thee, sweet wife, he pour’d the piteous lay,
“ Thee sung at dawning, thee at closing of day.”

WARTON’S TRANSLATION.

*Oh Name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breath’d in sighs, still usher’d with a tear.*

POPE’S *Abelard to Eloisa*.

***** HY throbs my Heart and heaves the deep-felt sighs?
* W * Why start the Tears which tremble in my Eyes?
* * Why thus, dejected, droops my aching Head?
***** O’er my whole Frame, why Glooms of Sorrow spread?
AFFLICTION’S keenest pangs, alas! I’ve borne;

A kind, endearing, tender Wife I mourn!
My Soul’s deep-cherish’d Love, my FRIEND sincere!
To my poor bleeding Heart, than Life, more dear!

OH, she is gone! her gentle Spirit’s fled!
Her dear Remains lie mould’ring with the Dead!
On her lov’d Form these weeping Eyes no more
Shall gaze, transported, as they gaz’d before!

’Tis *this deep Loss* that prompts these heart-felt sighs;
For *this* the Tears now tremble in my Eyes;
For *this sad Loss* thus droops my aching Head;
O’er all my Frame, for *this*, is Sorrow spread.

OH! she was all that’s fair, that’s good, that’s kind!
Blooming as May!—As Angels pure in mind!

AND, *here*, her Life, from Infancy review;
And bring her ev’ry Virtue forth to view;
The calls of Justice, Honour, Truth obey,
And the full Tribute to her Mem’ry pay.

By Death’s sad stroke, an helpless Orphan left;
Of Father, Fortune, all, at once bereft;*

* About two years before the Birth of the late Mrs. G. her father, George Harries, Esq. in his old age, made his will; and therein made a proper Provision for all such of his younger Children as were then in being: Mrs. G. not being then in existence, of course, was not mentioned in that Will. About two years after her Birth, Mr. Harries was taken, suddenly, very ill of the Heart-burn, which soon put a Period to his Life! And he died without any alteration in such his Will, so made, previous to the Birth of this Child of his old age; who, although from the tenderness of her years, she could not ever have done any thing

She with her widow'd Mother, lonely dwells,
 Whose Breast with each maternal Virtue swells ;
 Whose tender Heart with warm affection glows,
 While she each hour on her lov'd Charge bestows.
 She taught her Steps in Virtue's paths to tread,
 And all that's base her infant Heart to dread ;
 To recollect her God in early youth,
 And ever cherish Innocence and Truth :
 Then adds the Arts which polish and refine,
 *Till all the Graces in her Daughter shine.

THUS was my MARG'RET form'd, with ceaseless Care,
 Matchless in Form—in Mind divinely fair !

AND now, a weak old Man first views the Maid
 In all her youthful, polish'd charms array'd ;

to offend her Father, was thus left totally unprovided for. The wise Common Law of England has not yet provided any Remedy or Relief in such a Case: The only remedy in ENGLAND, or WALES, is in a Court of Equity, where she might have filed a Bill against her Brothers and Sisters, and have made them contribute, out of the Personal Estate of her Father, to her just proportion of that Estate. The whole real, or landed Estate, in such case, would have gone to the Heir at Law, her elder Brother ; in this Case, her Father being supposed to have died intestate. This would have deprived her younger Brother, George, of a small landed Estate, which he held under such Will of his Father ; but nothing could persuade her to such a step, as she must have disturbed the family peace of her Sisters, who had been married many years, at the time she was born. Her brother George died in IRELAND, an Officer in the Army, a few weeks before he had attained ~~his~~ ^{the} age of 21 years. Although he was not quite of full age, he presumed to make a Will, and thereby intended to give his Sister Margaret his little landed Estate ; not suspecting that his elder Brother, who enjoyed the Paternal Estate, and had married a Lady of very considerable Fortune, would take the Advantage as Heir at Law, and, by means thereof, wrest from his young Sister (who had never shared in any part of her Father's Property) the Estate so intended, by George, to be given to his Sister. He was mistaken, however ; for the elder Brother soon let his Sister know, that their Brother George should have lived a few weeks longer before he could have had a legal Right to give away his landed Estate from his elder Brother. Often has the late Mrs. G. complained of the sordid disposition of this elder Brother ; though she would, at the same time, apologise for his meanness, by observing, that he had a large Family, (about five Children). A maiden Aunt left her some Property, and her excellent Mother, by her Will, left Mrs. G. all that she possessed. Her eldest Brother, though, at one time, as handsome a man as was in all the Principality, and always in the possession of a very competent Estate, appeared to the Author to be totally unworthy of such a Sister. Some of his little meannesses ; after the death of his Mother put an end to all Correspondence and connection between the Author and Mr. Harries, of Priskilly. When the former left WALES, for the West-Indies, in 1768, he took no leave of this gripping Brother, nor has he ever exchanged a line with him since ; although he never interferred to prevent Mrs. G. and her Children from visiting her Brother, and their Uncle.

Absurdly falls in Love, and vainly tries,
To gain her Hand;—while she the Dotard flies.

To ev'ry tender, kind affection dead,
By false, mistaken Passion still misled,
Behold him now his helpless children grieve,
And his whole fortune to a stranger leave!

YE unoffending children grieve no more!
Nor your unfeeling Father's act deplore;
For in her Breast true sterling worth resides,
And strictest Honor all her actions guides;
No sordid Lust of Pelf pollutes her mind;
Tho' stript of Fortune's Gifts, she ne'er repin'd;
In all things to her Heav'nly Father's will resign'd!
She to the rightful Owners will restore,
Whate'er a cruel Parent from them tore*.

RECALL that fav'rite Period, when she shone,
Of all the Cambrian Nymphs, fair Queen alone!
While the SEA-SERGEANTS of the Cambrian Tides
At SWANSEA meet—see! how the Fair she guides,
And, o'er the whole, bright LADY PATRONESS presides!†

* The late Sir John Pryse, of Newton-Hall, in the County of Brecknock, SOUTH-WALES, Baronet, in a very advanced age, fell in Love with the beautiful Miss Peggy Harries, then of the age of 18; and was so very troublesome that her Mother's Doctors were finally barred against the old Dotard. Before his Death he made a pompous Will, in which he left Miss Harries, and her Heirs forever, all his "Castles, Manors, Lands, Tenements, &c. &c. &c. and all his Estate real and personal, on this terraqueous Globe, &c." She firmly persisted in releasing all her rights in, and to, all such Estate, to the Testator's son, Sir John Powel Pryse, Baronet; and to the Deceased's amiable Daughters.—Would her elder Brother have acted thus nobly and disinterestedly? I fear not. After her inter-marriage with the Author, an amicable Suit was instituted, in the High Court of Chancery of GREAT-BRITAIN, by Sir John Powel Pryse, Baronet, and his Sisters, against the Author and his beloved Margaret; in which the Bill stated the making of such Will, and such Release of the Devises and Legatee, and prayed that the Defendants might acknowledge the same on Record, or to that effect.—The Defendants in 1764, put in their answer, without oath, admitted the Facts stated in the Bill, and released accordingly. These facts are stated from memory, the Author having no copies of the Bill or Answer, by him.

† The Author's late truly excellent Wife was a native of Haverfordwest, in the County of Pembroke, in SOUTH-WALES; was Sister of John Harries, of Priskilly, in that County, Esq. and Niece of the late John Symmons, of Llanstinan, in the same County, Esq. who for many years, previous to his decease, represented, in the BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS, the Town of Cardigan, the Capital of Cardiganshire, in SOUTH-WALES. At the time of her Marriage, and for some few years before, she was esteemed the most celebrated Beauty in all the PRINCIPALITY OF WALES, and was then known by the distinguished and memorable Name and Description of the beautiful Miss PEGGY HARRIES! Of the last SEA-SERGEANT'S Meeting which ever was held, she was THE LADY PATRONESS.—

See her loose filken Robe, of lightest blue,
 With Silver mix'd, and of resplendent hue,
 Sweep o'er the Ground ! See, on her splended Vest,
 How the bright DOLPHIN glitters near her Breast !
 In burnish'd Silver wrought see, see it shine !
 While to THE PATRONESS all Eyes incline !
 See, where she comes ! with what majestic Pace !
 "Heav'n in her Eye," in all her steps—what Grace !"
 "In every Gesture, Dignity and Love !"

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This Meeting was held at Swansea, the Capital, and a Sea-port, of Glamorganshire, in SOUTH-WALES. The Author is not acquainted with, or rather doth not, at present, recollect all the Regulations of this now-obsolete Institution of the SEA-SERGEANTS. In general, he recollects, what he learned in WALES (where he resided about five years) that the SEA-SERGEANTS consisted of the principal Noblemen and Gentlemen of the 12 Counties of WALES; who were privately, at least, Enemies to the HANOVERIAN Family, (then on the Throne of Great-Britain) and Friends and Adherents to the PRETENDER. These SEA-SERGEANTS met once a year, at some principal Sea port Town in Wales, under the pretence of taking care of some Marine Rights; but, really, and in fact, to aid the cause of the Vagabond STUART Family. The annual meetings of the SEA-SERGEANTS continued for a whole week together; during which time, every kind of Entertainment and Amusement was exhibited (as the Author was informed,) Feasts, Horse-races, Balls, Concerts, Water-Parties, Cock-fightings, (of which the Welch Gentlemen are remarkably fond) with various other Amusements, contributed to the Entertainment of a prodigious concourse of Ladies and Gentlemen, who flocked from all parts of the PRINCIPALITY to attend the SEA-SERGEANT'S Meeting.—Before each annual meeting broke up, a PRESIDENT, and a LADY PATRONESS, as she was called, were elected for the ensuing year; who presided at the Feasts, the Balls, &c. These Officers (the PRESIDENT, and the LADY PATRONESS) were generally chosen from some of the most respectable Families in WALES. During the week of the annual Meetings the Lady Patroness wore, as the Badge of her Office, a silver DOLPHIN, raised upon a silver Ring or Plate, about the size of a silver Crown Piece, which was lined with a small piece of light blue Ribbon or silk, by which means it was made fast to her Garment, near the Heart. The DOLPHIN which the late Mrs. G. wore, as the Badge of her Office, at the last SEA-SERGEANT'S Meeting, is still in being. In 1760, the good old King, George II. departed this life; and, with his Reign, died this JACOBITE Meeting of the SEA-SERGEANTS; for, in the Reign of BUTE, which immediately succeeded, the JACOBITES became the Darlings of the British Court, and were, of course, forthwith converted to the HANOVERIAN Faith. Of these SEA-SERGEANTS, the Author speaks only from the information he received from his late truly amiable Wife's family, and from others in SOUTH-WALES, during his residence in that hospitable and delightful Country. These SEA-SERGEANTS died a year or two before the Author travelled into WALES.

* Grace was in all her Steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
 In every Gesture, Dignity and Love !

MILTON'S Paradise Lost.

While her bright Beauties young and old approve.
See, all LLEWHELLIN's youthful Sons on Fire !
See how they gaze ! how all the Maids admire !
With gentlest Looks and sweet engaging Mein,
Sublime, 'bove all the shining Throng, she's seen.

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As when the Moon, fair Empress of the Night,
Mid the pale Stars, emits a flood of Light ;
While, from the tepid South, soft Zephyrs flow,
And o'er the Earth in gentle Breezes blow,
The fading Stars, before th' exploring Eye,
Appear less radiant in the vaulted Sky,
Their Rays diminish'd, or their Orbs unseen,
Amid the mild, tho' glorious, splendid Scene ;
So shone my matchless MARG'RET then, among
Old CAMBRIA's beauteous Nymphs—a blooming Throng !
When first my Eyes her lovely Form survey'd,
Where Grace, and Youth, and Beauty were display'd,
I felt strange Tumults in my beating Breast,
And in my languid Eye Love shone confest ;
But from her Lips, more soft than Zephyr's blow,
When first I heard the melting accents flow,
Amaz'd, confus'd, my Limbs forgot to move,
And all my yielding Soul was sick with Love.*
How swell'd my softened Heart with dear delight,
From each blest Day to Day, from Night to Night ;
Till to the CHURCH † I led my lovely Bride,
Of Cambria, then, the Glory and the Pride !

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While sweet confusion blush'd o'er all her Face,
And to each charming Feature added Grace,
Then joy'd, exulting, my o'erflowing Heart,
Light as the bounding Roe, in ev'ry part.

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From that bright day what rapt'rous Bliss I knew !
How soon the Years in quick succession flew ?
TRUE Love together knit our kindred Hearts,
THAT LOVE which matchless Joys, alone, imparts ;
From whose blest source, e'en all the endearing Ties
Of Brother, Sister, Parent, Child arise.

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TRUE LOVE is pure, from all that's gross refin'd ;
The genuine Offspring of a virtuous Mind.
Happy the Pair who feel it's sacred Fires,

* And all her yielding Soul is Love !

THOMPSON.

† By the Marriage Act, as it is called in England, Marriages in that Country and in Wales, must be by Publication of Bands, in Church, or by Licence from the ORDINARY, (the BISHOP) and must be celebrated in open Church, between the hours of 8 in the Morning, and 12 at Noon. The Author and his late dearly-beloved Wife were married, by Licence from the Bishop of St. David's, between the hours of 8 and 9, in the Morning of Wednesday, the 25th of September, 1763, at the Parish Church of St. Martin, in Haverfordwest.

It's warmest wishes, and its chaste Desires;

Whose raptur'd Souls with mutual Passion burn,
And Sigh for Sigh, and Love for Love, return;
Whose kindred Hearts o'erflow with anxious Zeal,
Each Grief to soothe, and ev'ry Woe to heal!

WHAT nobler gift can Heav'n on Man bestow?

What greater Bliss can transient Mortals know,
Than, while on Earth, to taste the Joys above,
To live in Friendship, and unite in Love?

O sacred source of Bliss, connubial Love!

Where Friendship, Innocence, and Peace we prove;

Where purest Honor with fair Truth unites;

Perpetual Fountain of sincere delights!

Here gentle "Love his golden shafts employs;"

Diffusing here his sweetest, liveliest joys

~~What nobler gift can Heav'n on Man bestow?~~

~~What greater Bliss can transient Mortals know,~~

* Some of the Author's literary Friends object to the epithet chaste, here made use of; insisting, that there is no such thing as Chaste Desires in Love. To these gross-minded Criticks, he answers, that he uses chaste, in this place, as synonymous to lawful—in no wise contrary, or repugnant to Reason or Religion: And he opposes to those gentlemen Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, MILTON, and ST. PAUL.—In JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY, (Folio Edition) under the word chaste, we find "4 true to the Marriage-Bed." In the IV. Book of MILTON'S PARADISE LOST, we meet the following; some parts of which are inimitably beautiful:

"Nor EVE the rites

"Mysterious of connubial Love refused:

"Whatever Hypocrites austere talk

"Of Purity, and Place, and Innocence,

"Defaming as Impure, what GOD declares

"Pure; and commands to some, leaves free to all.

"Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain

"But our Destroyer, Foe to GOD and Man?

"Hail wedded Love! mysterious Law, true Source

"Of human Offspring, sole Propriety

"In Paradise! of all things common else.

"By thee, Adult'rous Lust, was driv'n from Men,

"Among the Brutal Herds to range; by thee

"(Founded in Reason, loyal, just and pure)

"Relatives dear, and all the Charities

"Of Father, Son and Brother first were known.

"Far be it I should write the Sin or Blame!

"Or think thee unbecom'g holiest place,

"Perpetual Fountain of Domestick Sweets!

"Whose Bed is undefiled and CHASTE pronounc'd,

"Present or past; as Saints or Patriarchs us'd.

"Here LOVE his golden shafts employs; here lights

"His constant Lamp; here waves his purple wings;

"Reigns here and revels."

Love your Children, be discreet, CHASTE, keepers at home.

TITUS. II. V.

Knit in such Love, we pass'd each joyous Day,
 Blythe as ~~the~~ Milk-Maids in the month of May.
 PROPITIUS Heav'n, whose Goodness far transcends 130
 Our warmest Praise, his various Blessings sends;
 But chief in three dear Babes; who soon acquire,
 The Mother's Softness, and the Father's Fire.
 Oft my sweet MARG'RET on the Prattler's hung,
 And gaz'd enraptur'd; or, as oft they clung 135
 Around her darling Waist, the tender Sigh,
 She'd breathe, while, from her swimming Eye,
 AFFECTION's sympathetick Tear would steal,
 And all the Workings of her Soul reveal.
 They smile;—she smiles;—they run, in sportive Play; 140
 She joins their sports, and guards them all the Day.
 Her little ANNA falls!—she flies distressed,
 Snatches the Child, and strains it to her Breast,
 It's show'ry Tears with num'rous Kisses dries,
 'Till gay, good Humour glistens in it's Eyes. 145
 As REASON dawns, she all her Care applies
 To lead their tender minds, and, anxious, tries
 "To teach the young idea how to shoot,"
 And load the TREE OF KNOWLEDGE with fair Fruit.
 She taught their little Hearts the Hymn to raise, 150
 Their little Tongues to lisp their Maker's Praise.
 Such happy Cares my MARG'RET then employ'd,
 While smiling Peace her tender Breast enjoy'd.
 WARMLY devout!—In Piety a Saint;
 Yet free from all enthusiastic Taint. 155
 Pious the constant Tenor of her Life;
 Unknown to giddy Riot, Noise and Strife.
 See meek Benevolence her Steps attend!
 While Sympathy and Softness sweetly blend,
 And radiant Lustre o'er each Feature cast, 160
 Beyond the reach of art!—which will out last
 False Affectation's awkward, silly air,
 And all ~~her~~ shameless, worthless, tinsel Glare!
 HAIL blest Religion! which can thus impart
 Each soft Affection to the Human Heart! 165
 My MARG'RET chose thee, woo'd thee all her days;
 Nor e'er her Saviour's Love, her Maker's Praise
 Forgot:—Constant, with humblest Voice and Air,
 She pour'd forth all her pious Soul in Pray'r.
 THUS liv'd my MARG'RET, loving and belov'd, 170
 By Man applauded, and by God approv'd;
 For she was all that's fair, that's good, that's kind!
 As Angels courteous, and as pure in Mind.

J. G.

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• Delightful task! to rear the tender thought;
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh Instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe the enlivening Spirit, and to fix
 The generous Purpose in the glowing Breast.

THOMSON'S Seasons;

